

# 01 - Something Which Began as a Rough Draft for a Preface

By way of an explanation to the reader:

What sort of book is this?

This is the sort of book which contains several different types of writing and some examples of audiovisual art. It is a book with a love of words and ideas.

The types of writing include fiction, essays, autobiographical memories, poetry, stream of consciousness and various hybrids of these forms. The fiction ranges from short to ultra-short. Sometimes simple word-sketches of characters.

I don't make sharp dividing lines between serious and humorous. In real life the tragic, the serious and the funny coexist in one continuous flow and I see no particular reason to argue against that. Putting serious and funny into sharply defined categories seems a little bit too bureaucratic.

The autobiographical pieces are intended to give the reader some insight into the world of the "not normal".

I was "autistic" (if we're still permitted to self-categorise like that) in a time period before such things were talked about. Any definition of an autistic spectrum in those days was tentative and unknown to most people.

I was brainwashed under hypnosis in a pseudo-religious cult from the age of 20 to the age of 27. The brainwashing seemed to be based on a misguided concept that everyone has the same "essence" and that everyone could be reduced to that essence to make us all be the same. A universal reset of the human mind to its default. It's a very very bad idea. It tries to combine social ideas of "normal" with hippy ideas of "natural" and both of these ideas are wrong wrong wrong. Humans don't have a "basic essence" or "default" to which we can all be reset. The key thing about humans is that we aren't all the same. It's our highly developed individuality that makes us human. The brainwashers can stuff their ideas of "normal" and "natural". I'll take abnormal and unnatural any day, thanks.

I was treated as unusual in various ways from childhood onwards. First as a bright, talented child, then as a fool and an idiot, then as someone who seemed to be acting weird for some unknown reason.

I have petit mal epilepsy but no-one ever told me that. I had to figure it out for myself based on strange unexplained lapses.

I'm about 90 per cent asexual and 10 per cent heterosexual but this is a sliding scale and the percentages vary in the course of life and biological changes. I didn't go through puberty and develop pubic hair until I was 16.

I had three sisters whose every other word seems to be the word "normal" and who seem, at times, to be deeply afraid of any deviation from conformity, although this is also on a sliding scale as the years go by.

My eldest sister was a nurse who tried to "fix" me by taking me to a hospital for ultra-violet ray treatment to correct my "pigeon-chestedness". The treatment did nothing for me physically but gave me a complex about my body.

I am happy to confess to being a stupid bloody idiot in spite of having my IQ measured by Mensa as 160. I think IQ ratings should be taken with a pinch of salt because they mainly measure pattern recognition skills and there is a lot more to intelligence than that. I may see in numbers and visual shapes the logic patterns which may go unrecognised by other people but there are many gut instinctive patterns of human behaviour which the average person quickly "gets" while I prefer to distance myself from things which are too "obvious" and animalistic. The other sheep feel comforted by making the same "baaa" noise to be part of the group. I feel unwilling to conform. Without individuality life would seem meaningless. This is one of my strong convictions. That individuality is really really really important and personality is far superior to essence. Better to be the fool on the hill than a conventionally programmed robot.

I have worked with animals on a sanctuary, with children in special schools and playgroups and with adults who were classed as having learning disabilities. I have been to both drama school and art school. I have been a campaigner for human rights and for animal welfare. When I was younger and fitter I was a hunt sab.

My autobiographical writings don't contain lies but you can easily see where a description of real events segues into a dream or fantastical sequence. I do this because reality is more than a simple record of physical occurrences. Reality contains also imagination, perception and distortion. The concept of speculative phenomenological description of events is like a cubist picture of the truth. What I did, what I thought I did, what seemed to happen, what other people seemed to think it was, what it may have really been if the truth were known, what I later dreamed about it etc. etc. etc. are all cubist angles of the fragmented perception of reality. I use the word "speculativism" to refer to a process of getting the whole, multi-dimensional, view of events.

If a village is historically menaced by a dragon does it matter that dragons don't exist?

Yes, it matters, but so does the dragon.

In phenomenology, ghosts, pixies and memories can share a conceptual space.